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Elegaick Effay

UPON THE

DECEASE

OF THE

Groom-Porter,

AND THE

LOTTERIES.

Upon Mr. Neal's Groom-Porter.

L O N D O N,

Printed for John Nutt, near Stationers-Hall,

MDCC.

30. Dec. 1699.

Price Three Pence.

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May 2, 1927

Elegiac Essay

UPON THE

DECORATION

GROOMPORTER

LOTTERIES

AND THE

LOTTERIES

Printed for John Hunt, Stationers-Hall

MDCC

Price Three Pence

AN
Elegaic Essay
Upon the Decease of the
GROOM-PORTER,
AND THE
LOTTERIES.

WHILST Sickly Lotteries lay Drawing on,
And gaspid for Breath, as tho' their Glass was run,
Great NEAL, the Lord of Lotteries, is gone.

Nor cou'd the Heroe keep his Vital Fire,

Seeing his Off-spring ready to Expire :

His Lady GOLD, of the Consumption spent,

Was gone long since : And when Fates call'd, HE went

Having done the Work for which HE here was sent :

That is, to teach the Great Ones and the Small,

How to get Money, and to Spend it all.

Two such Extrems ne'r met in Man, but He,

As Avarice and Prodigality.

~~None more~~ Sollicitous to hook it in,

Or let it plentifully out agen,

Unless the Noble *Pyrrhus*, who, we're told,

Still urg'd Fresh Victories, and Scorn'd the Old.

More Covetous than City Bankers are,

And yet more Lavish than their Wives, or Heir.

Not Love and Honour e'er had harder Pull,

To get th' Ascendant of Prince *Volskous* Soul,

Then Advice and Profoundness had to chew.

Which was his greatest Favourite o'th' two.

Tell us, Renowned *Manes*, which did move ye,

To give a Half-Crown for Dish of Coffee?

Was it because being Generous and Brave,

You'd be obliging to each little Knave ;

Of cause the Love of Charles Coyn Resided

Now would you be able to feel the Thing divided? b7A

So So many once did text to my display, A. E. M. 15210

Which was the greatest Fav'rite of the Boy and his Hero keep his

Seeing his Off-spring ready to Expire:

(But stay; Bold Musgrave, why thus do you tam? His Lady G O L D; and you are

Consider! This is ~~Heaven~~ Oblige the Crown; : until you long ago as W

Oppos'd th' Audaciousness of Peck's Drink;

And answer'd Publick, *that by Million Gunds*

His Loyalty deserves to be Rewarded

And in the Rolls of Endless Fame Recorded.

Nor would I seem to expose the Noble Soul

Of the Deceas'd, but his Great Deeds extol.

The Narrow Souls he's left behind, n'er will

To his Example be Conformable,

But those whom Poor they find, they'll leave to still.

Nor will be drawn to tapp their Sacred Store,

Except to such as have enough before.

Tho'tis confess'd by all, that 'tis much better

To give to each his Due, be't *Paul*, or *Peter*.

Mourn all you Sufferers now he is gone,

Mourn your hard Lott; but put no Mourning on?

Nor need you trouble your Upholsterer to

Accomodate you with the outward Shew;

Your inward Throbs are lively Arguments

Of your Unfeign'd and Real Discontents.

Mourn all ye Sons and Daughters of the Lott,

Who crow'd up *Mercers-Hall*, now He is Not,

Who influenc'd every Gaming-School about him,

Nor cou'd you get one Happy Chance without him.

Mourn (ift be possible) ye Spritely Beau,

Lest now he's gone your selves may chance to lose;

Your hopes of Powder'd Perukes and Gay Cloaths.

'Tis pity, Pretty Ladies, you shou'd Mourn;

But 'tis apparent too 'twill be your Turn,

B

Especially

These

Especially whose Gallants wait to know
 How the Good Fortunes of your Tickets go,
 And whether you shall be made Wives, or no.

Mourn you Poor Venturers who wou'd run on,
 And Tick for Tickets till you'r quite Undone.

But you whose Fortunes well can bear the Loss,
 And need not come away by Weeping-Cross;
 Keep your own Counsels, let it ne'er be known,
 How many Guinea's foolishly are flown,
 But still Comport your selves, like those that won.

You, Fortunes Darling, who the Prize have got,
 May Mourn to think how many go without,
 Who Curse Projecting Sydenham, and your Lot:
 So the Great Cæsar is in Story said,
 To Mourn the Mighty Spoils himself had made.
 Reflect upon the Right by which you Claim,
 And that Estates are got and lost by th' same.
 I know the Lawyers us'd to have more Wit,
 Then e'er to be by Canting Gypsies bit,
 Or the same Premunire incur with Cit.
 And therefore check my too Luxuriant Pen,
 And own them something more than other Men:
 Nor can I think they shou'd be e'er drawn in,
 No more than I wou'd think the Grave Divine.

Especially

These

These know that Fortune is an Empty Name,
 (Tho' Fools, to Heaven would Exalt the Dame)
 And Prudence only leads to endless Fame.
 But yet to see whole Coffee-Houses fill'd
 With as fine Gentlemen as Earth can yield,
 Comparing Figures with such Care and Zeal,
 Wou'd make one think they're in for Cakes and Ale.

Hereafter, Gentlemen, when some loose Corn,
 Ferments within your Purse, and makes it burn;
 The Poor are Plentiful about the Street,
 Give it to them, they'll qualifie its Heat;
 There you'll be surer far to get a Prize,
 Then by Vain Tickets at the Lotteries:
 False Unrewarded things, that seem to be,
 Much like the Pardons of the Jubilee.

Those who Affirm our Age Degenerate
 From that of our Forefathers Ancient State,
 Must mean our Judgment, nor our Strength's decreas'd;
 Sampson's Alive, tho' Solomon's Deceas'd.
 LOTTERIES we chuse, altho' we know the Cheat,
 And like some Artless Gamester still will bear
 All the Fields round, except where Puffs does fit.

Some Sparks indeed pretend they wou'd forbear
 To take (tho' readily they could) the Hare.

But He, whose better Lot 'tis to be Winner,

Thinks they'd be glad to have been his Deceiver.

And so does every one, who's in the same Case,

The Benefit of Meas, and Drink, and Cloaths,

Which some of those which Vices do us give,

May for that Cause, now Christians come, yet lack,

In fine, May such Prodigious Follies cease,

May Honest Industry our Fortunes raise,

And Acts of Charity be our Exercise.

Hereafter, Gentlemen, when some loose Corn,

Remains within your Ports, and makes it turn,

The Poor are plentiful about the Street,

Give it to them, they'll thank us for it.

Epitaph on the Groom-Porter.

Under this Stone, lies the Groom-Porter,

Who Liv'd by Chance, and not by Art.

When'er Good Soul from Mortal Body's parted,

Earth takes the Blank, and leaves the Name.

Those who Affirm our Age Degenerate

Epitaph on the Lottery.

Must mean our Judgment, not our Fortune's Decree;

HERE lie the late Deceased Lotteries,

Whilst we remain their Baffled Votaries,

And like some Anticks Gamblers still will be.

One Prudent ACT all Fortunes has destroy'd,

Nor cou'd the Pallas Glorious Face abide.

So when the fatal Arrow's found,

The Helpless Idol falls to the Ground.

FINIS.

But

